



VOL. VII.]

New-York....Saturday, May 28....1808.

[NO. 5.

THE FATAL
EFFECTS OF REVENGE.

(Continued from P. 53.)

THE care I immediately took to have the body removed, with the assistance of the other officers, to whom I confided my quarrel, without discovering the cause, made the death of this gentleman pass as the effect of a sudden malady. The suspicions of the public, if there were any, were quickly buried with the unhappy object of my hate. It was, however, impossible to conceal my wounds from my family. The anxiety of my wife was of the most passionate kind; her grief appeared extreme; she left me not a moment.—So many stings to my inflamed imagination; so many insults upon my honour; as many outrages against my repose: I considered her care and attention as fresh proofs of her perfidy; and attributed her tears to the death of her gallant. These cruel ideas embittered every sensation, and retarded my cure. During this interval, the troops, had changed their cantonment. At length, however, I recovered strength enough to enable me to execute my projected revenge.

I must, however, confess that the voice of humanity often called aloud, and forcibly pleaded against my injured honour. The affair was unknown; my shame a secret. I had even had resolution sufficient to stifle my complains; I asked myself, why I could not forget the injury itself? would it make me more despicable in my own eyes, than the affair with the peasant against whom I had sacrificed my resentment, on the authority of my friends? was it not, moreover, already half revenged by the death of the most odious, and the most guilty of the two? was the death of a woman, (the only thing which now remained for my satisfaction) so very glorious for a man of courage? might I not rather abandon her to her own shame and eternal remorse, and punish her by a cold and contemptuous silence, of which she could never devise the cause, except from my wound, and the sudden death of her lover.

Time might, probably, have strengthened these reflections, had not another abyss opened under my feet. My wife found herself several months advanced in pregnancy. She waited the event of my cure, to inform me of it;—

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that was her excuse for not discovering it sooner ; the continual agitation, in which I had been, during the time of my illness, joined to the silence I had all along kept, with regard to the accident, gave it a great air of probability ; yet I could observe nothing in it but a horrible confirmation of her perfidy.

My wound at first had been judged dangerous ; this might flatter her with hopes of my death, which would have secured her against all danger of detection : she now saw me cured ; her discovery was, of consequence, forced. Her crime was now aggravated by imposture. I recollect that, during the winter, I had not had much familiarity with her ; I thought I discovered a remarkable coincidence of circumstance and time. Judge what a revolution in a heart which had already begun to be softened ! her death was vowed. Conjoined to the infamy with which I was already loaded, I could not support the idea of seeing a child introduced into my family, which did not belong to me ; who should take my name ; who should share my succession with my sons.—You may call this horrible resolution the transport of a mad man, abandoned by heaven and by reason ; I deny it not ; it is not a tale of innocence I have promised.

My passion subsided so little, that having employed the remaining part of the day, and the next, in procuring a powerful soporific poi-

son, I made her swallow it on the third day in her victuals. She could not long resist it.—The succeeding day she was found dead in her bed. I resolved to have her opened, under pretence of discovering the cause of a death so sudden, but in reality to administer baptism to the unfortunate fruit she carried in her womb, which could not long survive her. It was however too late. The mother and the son were interred with a pomp which, while it satisfied my pride, at the same time completed my revenge.

That horror and despondence, however, which ever attend on great crimes, soon haunted me.—Insensibly I fell into a deep melancholy, which brought with it a disgust for my most favourite recreations. I renounced, by degrees the chace, agriculture, the society of my friends, and neighbours. I could neither be alone, nor could I endure company. The sight of men was dreadful ; solitude filled me with horror. Reading, that boasted remedy for distempered souls, could afford no relief to mine, it could no longer fix my attention. After a few days insupportable misery and languor, I anxiously looked for night, that last resource of the miserable ; but if sleep at any time hovered on the eyes, it was only to offer to my tortured imagination frightful phantoms, and other objects of horror, which rendered the night as dismal as the day.

I recalled from the capital my eldest son, who had just finished

the course of his exercises. He merited my affection. His presence for some time calmed my troubled spirits. The care I took in perfecting his education, drew me in some measure from that melancholy and despair, in which I had been plunged for above two months ; and I began to hope that time might assist this remedy in restoring peace to my soul, which all my efforts could not hitherto procure.

In this new situation, I received a letter. I opened it. Judge of the infernal vapours which struck me by the immediate violence of their effects. Scarce had I run it over with my eye, when a mortal coldness seized my heart ; the ground seemed to fly from under me ;—“ I die,” with a tremulous voice, was all I could pronounce ; I fell motionless into the arms of my son.—He might, in effect, have thought me dead, if the furious agitation of my spirits had not caused convulsive motions, which gave signs of my being alive. By speedy remedies, I was soon recalled to sense. I sat me down ; I came entirely to myself ; with some remains however, of convulsions, the fits of which were inexpressibly painful ; they did not, however, prevent me from giving attention to that which was unfortunately more dreadful than all my other torments. The fatal letter lay upon the ground. Neither my son nor any of my domestics I believe, suspected it as the most dis-

tant cause of my disorder : I recollect, too, that the peasant who brought it might not be better instructed. I ordered all my people to retire, recommending to those I knew most faithful, to take care of the peasant, and desired him, with an air of unconcern, to go along with them, and wait my answer.

My son alone remained. This preparation, added to the appearance of my countenance, pale, gloomy, and dreadful, fixed him motionless with astonishment. I made him a sign to take up the letter. “ Read,” says I. During the reading, I shut my eyes : my head hung upon my breast ; my face hid by my hands to stifle my groans, and to conceal the tears, which, spite of myself, might escape.

Is it possible to divine the detested author, or to figure the hellish malignity of this infernal letter ? It was the peasant whom I had forced from my estate :—What did he there offer me ? A shocking eclaircissement of the most diabolical machinations. He first applauds himself with having procured a most complete revenge, and glories in the triumph : he then treats me as a miserable wretched simpleton, who had plunged so suddenly into the snare, that there was scarce any pleasure in deceiving me : after which he informs me that my wife and the officers were innocent, and that all the billets I had received, were

false ; that I might recollect the sameness of character in the letter which was now before my eyes ; that they had all come from the man, who, on a former occasion, had taught me how to live ; though not so properly as he ought to have done ; as, after I had obtained my life, I had ungenerously spurned with indignity the man from whom I had received it ; that it was the chamber-maid, who, in concert with him, had slid the billets into my cabinet, having determined to entertain herself as well as him, in rendering me miserable and contemptible, in revenge for my preventing her marriage : that it was he who often passed the night with her, and, by artfully concealing himself in my wife's bed-chamber, furnished suspicions against that innocent lady and the major : in the fullness of their hearts, they told me also, that they were going to enjoy their satisfaction, and laugh at my rage, in a place where they defied me ever to discover them ; that they could not help regretting the tragical fate of the major and my wife, against whom they had nothing to complain ; but that I might rest assured, that if they could have procured proofs of these murders, as clear to the world as they were convincing to them, they would have brought me to an ignominious death on a scaffold ; but their chagrin on one side, gave them joy on another ; and they would leave to me shame for my folly, and remorse for my crimes.

The first gleam of this abhorred light had almost deprived me of life ; every word of this complication of horror was a fresh stab to my tortured heart. I resolved, however, to oppose myself to their venomous shafts with all the strength I could collect. My son, though he could not but suspect part of the truth, could go no further than the dark expressions in the letter would admit, nor pierce to the bottom of this dreadful abyss, which displayed itself to me, in all its frightful colours. I had, however, the strongest reasons to discover to him the whole. It was more than probable that my enemies would publish as much of the melancholy tale as they could divulge with safety to themselves ; and that they would heighten it with all the colouring of calumny, in which they were perfectly skilled. I did not, therefore, wish that false reports should render me, in the eyes of my son, more culpable than I really was, or induce him to number among his father's crimes, voluntary, unprovoked baseness and barbarity.

"Listen," said I, without giving him time to recollect himself ; "if you have any tenderness for a father who loves you, yield me your attention. This dreadful letter must not only provoke your surprise and indignation, but convey strange ideas with regard to what has passed between your mother and me. I desire you should be ignorant of nothing ; your age

renders you capable of understanding all.

“ Learn, my dear son, that in your absence, the blackest vapours of hell has fallen on the source of your blood. Heaven forbid their unhappy infection should extend to you !”—I then gave him the melancholy history down to the death of his mother. In the affair with the peasant, I did not exaggerate the outrage. In that of the officers, I did not aggravate the dismal causes of my transports. My narration was dictated by honour. I introduced nothing in justification, nothing for my grief ; I did not excuse ; I did not extenuate. “ Such, my dear son, are the horrible truths I wished to deposit in your bosom ; these unrelenting wretches inform me of the most shocking part of them ; you know them : you have read them : whether I shall survive this terrible explanation, I know not ; but I could wish, as far as the nature of the thing will admit, to be justified in your breast, as I have ever been in my own.”

My son was only eighteen, but he joined mature sense to a great deal of spirit, and many amiable qualities ; he listened to me without once opening his mouth, or raising his eyes : he was standing before me, his head uncovered ; he preserved his posture, after I had finished my detail, as if grief and astonishment had deprived him of speech and of motion ; tears however flowed in abundance down

his cheeks ; they excited mine, though the acuteness of my feelings had almost dried up their source : I reclined my head upon his neck to join my tears with his ; and in this tender and mournful attitude, for some moments, we gave ourselves up to the most piercing sympathetic sorrow.

I nevertheless became impatient to examine the peasant who had brought the letter ; I made him be called, but his information gave me no light. He told me that, having received the letter three days ago, some business he had to transact in my neighbourhood, had given him an opportunity of delivering it sooner than he had been desired ; that the person who gave it him, on leaving the country, had only made him promise, that it should be delivered to me eight days after his departure : that he asked nothing for his trouble, because he had been already paid, nor was any answer necessary, because he did not know where to address it.—This information of the peasant’s was apparently ingenuous, I could therefore entertain no hopes of obtaining any thing more satisfactory. But what could I expect ; my enemy was gone. Supposing a possibility of arresting him, and delivering him up to the most infamous punishment ; was not this to betray my misfortunes, and hang them up as a spectacle to the world ? The honour of my son, my own interest, (though that was become an unimportant object).

condemned me to silence. I even avoided interrogating the peasant too minutely; so dismissed him.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Letter from a lady to her Niece.

Concluded, from page 56.

Again—Considerable attention should be paid to the family connexions of the gentleman with whom a lady would unite herself. As they are agreeable and genteel, or the contrary, she would be pleased or mortified—if they are such as harmonize with her taste, in their society she would be happy—but should they be characters which she could neither esteem or love, her only resource would be either to stay at home, or to form other connexions. There is a family of our friend, Mr. A—, I would not for the wealth of the Indies, be connected with any of them, by any nearer ties than those of common friendship—they are well informed, and highly entertaining in conversation, but their violent tempers, and eternal family feuds, are such as would effectually destroy the pleasure of my life, and I have so much confidence in your good sense, as to believe that your personal attachment will never be so strong for any gentleman, as to involve you in a connexion, where family disputes are such as will endanger your own, and the happiness of your friends.

Again—*Beauty, elegance of person, gracefulness, of manners, with the polite accomplishments, are qualities that ladies, genteely educated, mostly wish to find in a companion for life.*—Let it be constantly impressed on your mind, however, that these are by no means *essential* to happiness; and that when they exist, in a high degree, solid excellence is mostly wanting—If the person you admire possesses them, 'tis well—if without them, let that be no bar to your connexion. I am convinced that girls, in general, are influenced in their choice of husbands, more by qualities that charm the senses, than by such as are approved by reason—and on this principle, I think we may fairly account for many of the unhappy marriages observable in the world. Do but hearken a few moments to the rhapsodies of Miss —, at sixteen, or eighteen, on her return from a ball:

Confidante—Well, Flavilla, what kind of an evening have you passed?

Flavilla—Oh, my dear creature, I dare hardly tell you—I'm in raptures—transported—my heart is gone—lost, carried clear away.

Confidante—Why, who have you seen?

Flavilla—Why, who upon earth would think—guess—no other than the charming, graceful, blooming, Mr. M—, dear creature! he is the softest, sweetest, most enchant-

ing man my eyes ever beheld—and how he talks, Good heavens! how he does talk—so smooth, so elegantly—such pretty language—and says every thing with such an air, and then his fine blue eyes do roll so gracefully—and speaks such sweet flattering things, and sparkle with such life, that I declare he monopolizes every thought. When he danced, every one's eyes, (I believe,) were fixed upon him, for I am sure I did not take mine from him for a moment—and his person is so neat, his shoulders so elegantly turned; such a fine set of teeth, and such charming eyebrows—now don't *you* think he is the prettiest man I ever saw? Whenever he came near me, my heart went pit a pat, for fear he would speak to me; and when he asked me if he should have the honour of dancing one dance with me, I felt all over so confused, that I could not speak a single word—he took my hand, though, and led me on the floor. But all the time of the dance, whenever he spoke to me, I stammered, and blushed like a poor country lumpkin—and what a numbskull, what a simpleton, must he suppose me—Oh, how happy must be the happy *she*—he must be all in all to her—she can want nothing else. Now you know you are my confidante, and I would not for the world, he or any one on earth, but yourself, should know what I think of him—but I do declare he is *divine*—aye, you may smile, but you would say so too if you were but to

see him—well I cannot help thinking of him—Oh—oh."

Thus it is that the hearts of susceptible, unexperienced Miranda's are often gained through their eyes and ears; at the same time, perhaps, the object of their admiration may not possess one spark of real intellectual merit, yet to this their judgment is blind, because passion is engaged in opposition to reason. Certain it is, however, that attachments thus formed can never exist long. If they commence without prudence, they will, probably, continue without affection, or terminate in mutual disgust.

I have now, my dear girl, agreeable to your request, suggested some hints, which I leave you to apply and improve. I have pointed out some principles, which, since I have been capable of judging for myself, I have ever considered as certain and unillusive. A gentleman, I hear, has made you a tender of his heart and hand—if he will bear an examination by the rules I have laid down, and at the same time accords with your own taste, it were needless for me to suggest how you should act. The most anxious wish of your friends at present is, to see you happily settled for life.—Whenever, therefore, you can fix on one who is approved by their judgments, and agreeable to your own heart, you may conclude yourself safe in forming the most important and the most agreeable connexion incident

to human life. It were folly, it were madness, to look for perfection below a Sir Charles Grandison, never existed but in a Richardson's brain; human nature, to the end of time, will possess foibles and weaknesses; our aim, therefore, in forming a connexion for life, should be to choose persons of the fewest imperfections—persons whose virtues form so great a counterbalance to their frailties, that the latter are easily tolerated in consideration of the former.

That your choice of a partner for life may be judicious, and every period of your existence here, be happy, is the sincere wish of your affectionate aunt

EUPHRASIA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM unfortunately a stranger in America, and although I can with ease take a part in any common English conversation, am no great proficient in the language.

Having been several times at a loss for the meaning of some of your words, and being generally laughed at when I ask any of my acquaintance to explain them. I apply for instruction from any of your fair correspondents, through the medium of your paper.

The other day, as I was passing through W— street, my atten-

tion and curiosity was excited by observing on a barber's sign, "*Hair cut in the FIRST Style.*" I was aroused out of a *brown study*, (I think you call it) by *running*, or rather walking against a pole, opposite the shop of another barber, which pole, I have no doubt, providence threw in my way for the express purpose of acquainting me further with the meaning of the word *style*. While I was considering how foolish I must have looked after my shock against the post, I very naturally turned round to observe if any person had noticed my confusion, when my eyes were attracted by another sign, on which was written, "*Hair cut in the LAST style.*" Diable! thought I, what in the name of sense can be the meaning of this word. In this perplexed situation, with earnestness in my eye, and distress of mind pictured on my countenance, I was proceeding towards home, in haste, to examine my dictionary, when I met a friend of mine, whom I desired to explain the word.— He seemed to muse for a moment, and then turned from me with a loud laugh!

This strange behaviour only tended to make me more eager in my search for the true meaning of the word. But, alas! my disappointment was great, when I saw affixed to the word, in the dictionary, the following unsatisfactory explanation: "Style, a manner of writing, title, pin of a dial, pistil of plants." With very little hesita-

tion I concluded that neither of these meanings were intended by the word on the hair-dresser's sign, and pitched upon an acquaintance, who I thought would be more seriously disposed to answer my interrogatories, than he who laughed in my face. On requesting him to satisfy me respecting this word, he told me with a smile, that he really did not know the full meaning of it, but would refer me to an essay on the subject, in the eighth number of a late much admired work called *Salmagundi*. I shook him heartily by the hand, and after thanking him in French (which I could do much more politely than in English), I left him, and hastened immediately towards a bookseller's shop, to purchase a *Salmagundi*.

As I have no doubt your readers have all seen that work, I need not waste my time nor your patience, by detailing extracts from the essay on style.—I will only remark that it was headed by Johnson's definition of the word, and a remark by Linkum Fidelius (an author whom I do not remember to have met with, in the course of my English studies).

The essay appeared to be an excellent burlesque on some of the prevailing fashions of the day, but gave me no information as to the meaning of the barber's sign. Now, Mr. Editor, allowing that the word *style* in some cases means fashion, rage, &c. I am yet bewildered when I attempt to add the word

first to it. *First style ! O ! ceil ! cette langue difficile à comprendre.*

In french we say, “ *La dernière mode.*” (the latest fashion)—but should a slovenly barber in Paris, advertise that he would cut hair in the most ancient, or *First* fashion, I would not ensure his life from the exasperated cavaliers, for twice the worth of his whole shop.

Hoping you will excuse or alter any improprieties in my English, I shall subscribe myself your well-wisher, &c.

Jean Brouillé.

New-York, May 20. 1808.

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Biographical sketch of the Emperor Napoleon.

The Emperor Napoleon rises early in the morning, for he sleeps very little, not more than three or four hours of a night. After taking his coffee, of which he is very fond, as he never drinks less than thirty cups a day, made very strong, he goes to his bath, the water of which is mixed with some medical preparation, to cure the effects of the impurity of his blood, which is visible upon his skin. As he never can be a moment idle, and makes the most of his time, he is attended by a person who understands the English language perfectly, and has the ability of translating it without hesitation into French. He therefore reads the English newspapers to

the Emperor as if he had a French paper in his hands. This he calls his hour of amusement ; sometimes laughs at the absurdity and ignorance of the English writings, as he calls their contents. The person who reads to him is instructed not to pass by any expressions, or to soften them ; he must read as he meets them ; for he likes to know what the enemy think and write of him. After having bathed, he dresses himself, and goes to the chamber where he has always some one to attend him ; his ministers or officers have the preference, next his private secretary. He is called at the hour of dinner, and but half an hour is occupied with that meal, for he eats very little ; and has almost never any appetite, on account of the quantity of coffee which he drinks from time to time.

In the afternoon he is as busy as in the morning, but allows himself sometimes thrice a week, an hour, to go to some theatre or other ; but it is never known when he goes, or which theatre he means to visit ; he very seldom knows it himself till dinner-time, when he enquires for the different plays which are to be given in the night. The Empress accompanies him always ; she is fond of him, and he is very much attached to her. He is always attended by Roston, a Mameluke, who is very much attached to him. He was a common man, whose family and relations suffered greatly in Egypt. Bonaparte,

when in that country, took a fancy to him, and having proved his fidelity, employed him in the service ; he raised him, from time to time, and he is now a colonel. He is not only with him every where in the day time, but in the night is nearest to his person. Madame Bonaparte does not sleep with him. Roston sleeps before the door of his bed-chamber, so that it is impossible it can be opened without disturbing him. When he is upon his post, the Emperor thinks himself safe ; for he relies much more upon his Mameluke, than upon all the pages, guards, and watchmen, that are placed in the different avenues leading to his bed-room.

CRILLON,

Whose valour was so celebrated as to acquire him, by eminence, the name of *The Brave*, was once at Marseilles, when the Duke of Guise, being curious to put his firmness and intrepidity to the test, caused an alarm to be given in the dead of the night ; and immediately afterwards, with some young officers, rushed into the chamber of Crillon, who was in a profound sleep.

"The enemy is master of the port and the town," cried the Duke, "I have brought a horse for you, that we may escape as quick as possible." Crillon arose, took up his arms without emotion, and declared he would rather die sword

in hand, than survive the loss of the place. He hastened out of his chamber, but hearing the Duke and his companions on the staircase, in fits of laughter, he immediately discovered the deception. Crillon, upon this, assumed an air more severe and determined than if actually going to battle, and seized the arm of the Duke : " Young man," said he, with an oath, as was his usual practice, " never trifle with a brave man's courage ; if you had found me fail in the present instance, you would certainly have been the victim of my dishonour."

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

REMARK ON DUELLING.

Gustavus Adolphus, when he forbade duelling under pain of death, observed, " If my officers will fight, let them fight my enemies. I would have them soldiers not, gladiators.

ANECDOTE.

An officer in the American army, more remarkable for his corporeal rotundity, and intellectual vacancy than his skill in military tactics, wishing those under his charge to retreat a few steps, he bellowed in a most audible tone " *advance.*" His orders not being complied with immediately in consequence of the apparent danger

of the attempt, swelling with all the awful grandeur of *Vesuvius*, and placing his bold front before them, vociferated again " *advance three steps backwards.*" Not being yet understood, he added, " *towards Mrs. Minto's pea-patch*" — (an insignificant piece of ground of a few yards in diameter, and several hundred yards to the left of the army.) " I never see the man," says one who was a fellow soldier with him, " without thinking of Mrs. Minto's pea-patch."

DR. WATTS

So eminent for his poetic works, when a child could scarcely ever avoid speaking in rhyme—he possessed a great natural turn for it. His father was often much displeased, and threatened to correct him if he did not desist from making verses. One day about to put his threats into execution, the child began to cry, and on his knees said

*Pray father do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.*

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK,

King of Prussia.

In a small town of Prussian Silesia, there is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and considerably enriched with valuable oblations, made by pious Roman Catholics. A short time since, the sexton observed that some of the oblations had disappeared. The suspicion fell on a soldier of the garrison, who was constantly seen the first

to come in, and the last to go out. One day he was stopped just as he was setting his foot out of the gate, and being searched, two silver hearts, that had been appended before the virgin, were found in his pocket. The priests made a horrid noise on the enormity of his crime, calling him a sacrilegious man, an execrable villain, and a hellish monster; but he had the assurance to pretend that he had committed no robbery—affirming that the Virgin, for whom he had ever professed a peculiar devotion, moved by his poverty, had made him a present of the offerings. This excuse, however, as may well be imagined, availed him nothing, and he was condemned to die as a church robber. The sentence being, as usual, carried to the king for his approbation, his majesty convened the chiefs of the catholic clergy of Berlin, and put this question to them: whether, according to the dogmatical tenets of their religion, there was any possiblity of truth in the story of the soldier? Upon which they all unanimously answered that the event was indeed uncommon, but not absolutely impossible; after which declaration, the king wrote under the sentence, which deserves perhaps a greater encomium than the famous judgment of Solomon. “The delinquent having constantly denied the theft, and the divines of his persuasion attesting that the prodigy wrought in his favour was not impossible, we think proper to save his life; but at the same time, for

the future, we make it death for him to receive any present from the Virgin Mary, or of any saint whatever.

FREDERICK.”

From a Paris Journal.

THE PIN.

OUR neighbours, the English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, or at least were, the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days, when pin-money was first introduced, the English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins had decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. At Paris, God knows, a husband will not be ruined by the expence of pins! Now-a-days an élégante makes almost as little use of a pin as of a needle!

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin! Take out that solitary pin,

which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe ; take out that pin, and the Loves and Desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing ; the illusion vanishes ; pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah, madam ! learn to conceal with grace ; and remember that your charms soon lose their power, when you display their utmost force.

How various are the tastes of men !

THE public, some writer says, is a being with many heads, and consequently, possesses as many different minds, as those can amply testify who are the *servants of its will*, among whom printers perhaps, are the chief *butlers* and *bakers*. " Give us more foreign intelligence," says the news monger, " and let domestic politics alone." " Battle the feds ; dash at the demos," cries the politician.—We do not want to hear about ships spoken at sea, a courier passing thro' Hampergoscampendum, marshal Helterskelter holding audience with his serene highness, the landgrave of Lubberdegullion, or the marriage of Count Waddlewattle with her ladyship, the Duchess of Winkumsquintum ; do not let your paper detail such advices." " Hit the federal or democratic editors," exclaims the third—" nothing I like so well as squabbling among editors ; there is some fun in that."

" Let us have another good novel," says Mrs. Fripple—" I like novels most monstrously, especially if there is something scareful in them ; I wouldnt give a cent for the papers if they hadn't a novel in them." " Novels !" says old Grouse—" nonsense !—give us something about farming : tell us how to destroy the Hessian fly ; or something about fining cyder, or wheat upon clover." " I like novels too," says Mrs. Simper—" but besides them I want a good deal more poetry, and a number of queer stories about Ann Necdotes, I love to read them terribly." " All wishy-washy," says Jack Gallopper—" give us the sports of the turf ; tell us about the race between Madam Scetchum, (Thornton) and Mr. Strikefire, (Flint) and her challenging him after she got beat ; that's the dandy."

Thus might we go on almost *ad infinitum*, and describe the modes which Mr. Public points out for us to be guided by in conducting our paper ; and in answer to all this, we can only say, that although we consider our own method best, yet, as soon as they can all agree upon one plan, we will cheerfully adopt it ; and until then we trust we may be permitted to jog on the old way of giving a little of *every thing*, which we consider the *most important* ; for

" If all the land was paper,
And all the sea was ink,"
it would be impossible for us to

comply with all the demands of the public, until in those demands the public become more united.

Vir. haf.

The following extemporaneous lines were written by a youth of this city, on seeing a young lady's profile.

Lo! the transcript of JULIA, where distinct do appear
The graces and charms that exhibit my love,
May the same long continue, and long flourish there,
The attractions of JULIA the nymph of the grove. H.

The human Countenance.

An old author says of the human face, it is as it were, the soul abbreviated, that is, the pattern and image of the soul; her escutcheon with many quarters, representing the collection of all her titles of honour, planted and placed in the gate and fore-front, to the end, that men may know that there is her abode and her palace. It is as the hand of a dial, which noteth the hours and moments of time, the wheels and motions themselves being hid within:—To be brief, it is the throne of beauty and love, the seat of laughter and kissing, two things very proper and agreeable unto man.

“ What lazy fellows bricklayer's labourer's are ! ” said a loitering Irish footman to his master. How do you know ? was the reply. “ Because,” answered the Irishman, “ when you bid me run with a card

to lady ——, I stood and watched one of them, and he was half an hour going up a ladder ! ”

A lady of sixty, and a young lady of seventeen, lately presented themselves, with their paramours, at Gretna Green. “ Hold, hold,” said the matrimonial vulcan to the Virgin, “ you are young, and can wait a little; I see your grandmother is impatient, let me put on her *fetters first.*”

* * The sixth volume of the Lady's Miscellany, handsomely bound, for sale at this office.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, the 18th inst. by the rev Mr. Lyell, Mr. Peter Roome, to Miss Elizabeth Arcularius, daughter of Philip I. Arcularius, Esq. all of this city,

At Throg's neck, West Chester, on the 18th inst. by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Stephen Bayard Hoffman, to Miss Catharine Bayard, daughter of Col. Sam. V. Bayard, of Nova Scotia.

On Thursday the 19th inst. by the rev. Phineas Peck, Mr. John Midwinter, to Miss Elizabeth Butler both of this city.

At Bloomfield, N. Jersey, on Saturday evening, by the rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wm. L. Jackson, merchant, to Miss Ann F. Davis, daughter of Joseph Davis, Esq. all of that place.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

Say, is it Love ?

DEEP in the secret foldings of my heart,
A hidden venom lies, whose ranklings Poison, at times, the cheerful joys of youth ;
And taint with disappointment every hope.
Can the physician's art its power remove ?
Can Esculapius' sons a balm procure,
That, powerful in its operation, shall restore
Peace to the mind, and comfort to the soul ?
Ah ! no : powerful or weak, their skill can do no more
Than work upon the grosser body's parts :
Than purify the blood ; or, with cool hand
Allay the burning fever's scorching heat ;
Or drive the ague from its new abode ;
Or heal the outward wounds
That accident or purpose cause to grow
Upon the skin's smooth surface :
Their's no more than justly to obey
What their sight dictates, or their feeling learns ;
(Unless, led by analogy, or the feebler thought
Of bland imagination, they essay to trace
The secret workings of the human frame.)

From them and from their art the soul is hid.
The mind lies burried in a deep, obscure To the weak eyes of mortal man.
Say then, thou deep-read in the book of nature,
Thou sage philosopher—or thou Whose learning lies in scientific rules, Gained by much labour amid college walls ;
To whom shall I apply ? whom seek, And, finding, pour forth my complaint To gain relief ? who, that will skillful prove ?
Not thou, amid thy trees and numerous herbs,
Nor thou, amid thy gallipots and drugs ; Nor thou pent up in learned lore profound ;
Nor thou, nor thou, nor any mortal. But to my God I'll speed my humble cry,
Him will I ask for help, and asking find ; From him my spirit emanated once ; Its secret parts his power can soon explore,
And heal its hidden wounds.
But should'st thou ask,
What 'tis that thus afflicts me ?
" Whether the tyrant death has taken aim
" At some lov'd relative or friend sincere,
" And coolly laid them in the silent grave ?
" Or riches flown on new fleg'd wings away ?"
Nay, tis not these ;
Tho' death has frown'd, and fortune too,
These ills I do not now deplore.
" Has haughty pride insulted then, and
" With rude breath thy reputation blast-ed ?"
My reputation lives not, as I hope,
By slanderer's leave :
" Tis not then this I mourn.
" Viewest thou some distant evil that thou fearest ?

Alas ! I view a distant evil,
And a blasted hope of good ;
But 'tis not yet defin'd.
" What then ? does Beauty frown ?
" Has Cupid pierc'd thee with unerring
 dart ?
" And does the venom rankle in thy
 breast ?
• Nay, ask no more....I must not, will not
 tell.

R.

Hudson, May, 1808.

The Death of Milcena.

By Dr. Darwin.

PALE are those lips where soft caresses
 hung,
Wan the warm cheek, and mute the ten-
 der tongue.
Cold rests that feeling heart on Der-
 went's shore,
And those love-lighted eye-balls roll
 no more.

Here her sad consort stealing through
 the gloom
 Of murmuring cloisters, gazes on
 her tomb ;
Hangs in mute anguish o'er the 'scutch-
 eon'd hearse,
 Or graves with trembling style the
 votive verse.

Sexton, oh ! lay beneath this sacred
 shrine,
When Time's cold hand shall close
 my aching eyes,
Oh ! gently lay this wearied frame of
 mine,
Where, rapt in night, my lov'd Milcena
 lies.

So shall with purer joy my spirit move,
When the last trumpet thrills the cave
 of death,

Catch the first whisper of my waking
 love,
And drink with holy kiss her kind-
 ling breath.

The spotless maid, with blush ethereal
 warm,
Shall hail with sweeter smiles return-
 ing day,
Rise from her marble tomb a brighter
 form,
And wing on buoyant step her airy
 way ;

Shall bend approved where beckoning
 hosts invite,
On clouds of silver her adoring knee,
Approach with seraphim the throne of
 light,
And BEAUTY plead with ANGEL
 TONGUE for me.

The Ladies' New Catechism.

Ques. For what end did you come
into the world ?

A. To get a husband.

Q. What is the way to get a hus-
band ?

A. To dress, dance, chat, play, and
go to all manner of public places, except
church, for fear of being called a fanatic.

Q. What is the duty of a husband ?

A. To please his wife.

Q. What is the duty of a wife ?

A. To please herself.

Q. Are there no more duties incum-
bent on you as a fine lady ?

A. Yes ; I must be deaf, dumb, and
blind, as occasion requires ; deaf to the
voice of duns, and all such poor rela-
tions as most easily beset me ; dumb
when my husband remonstrates ; and
blind to the whole race of city acquaint-
ance, or country cousins.

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